

"It is perhaps needless for us to waste time since I cannot divide my akes," smiled the younger gentleman. with a half growl, Dunwody threw down his cards, face upward. His teeth were clinched, all his museles set, all his attitude strained, tense. "You have won, my dear senator. I falled to improve my four cards, which, it is true, were of one color, but which

regret to say still remain of the one olor and of no better company." "It is even!" exclaimed Dunwody. The cards went around once more

d once more the officer asked for a de card. Once again he lost. mwody drew back with a deep "Look," he said; "of my three

nds two were what I wanted aces, so, man four of them! By every ben I have won. It's fata."

The how fortune has run against today! And so here it is! I write same for you once more this time real name, so far as any in Ameri-know it—thus, Josephine, countess Auban, of France, of Hungary, of Itionist, visionary, firerand. There then, though I think you will find the matter of taking posses, ion somewhat difficult to compass, so my heart, yours to have and to hold if ou can. My duty to her is over.

Yours begins, I hope."
"But after this what will be your plans?" asked Dunwody. I purpose leaving the boat at the

first suitable stop, not farther down than Louisville, at least. Perhaps Cin-cinnati would be yet better. By the nes of war you will, therefore, stand in my stead. I've changed my mind suddenly. I told the young lady uens that we would continue on together, be?" even beyond Cairo. But now-well, to e victor, as Mr. Marcy has said, be-

The other made no answer. He only stood to his full height and stretched out his great arins. He seemed a figare come down unchanged from some

Alone in her stateroom all these hours, Josephine St. Auban had abun-dant time to reflect upon the singular nature of her situation. At first, and very naturally, she was disposed to ek the protection of the boat's offiers, but a second thought convinced of the unwisdom of that course As to this stranger, this stalwart man of the west, she had appealed to him. nd he had made no sign. She had no friend, no counselor. A feeling of inefficiency, of smallness and helplessness swept over her. She was prisoner to her own good fame. She dared not eclare herself. She dared not cry out for help. None would believe her story. It was while still in this frame of mind that on the day following there came to her a messenger bearing the card of Warville Dunwody. She gazed

at it for some moments undecided, de bating. Then she set out to meet the sender of the card. There was no occupant of the saloon excepting one, who rose as she entered, hesitating. On the instant a sudden nge swept over Dunwody's face. Was it at first assuredness it had borne? "I am glad that you have thus

eft the boat last night." "Left the boat-he is gone? Why, he sent me no word, and I thought-at least he said"-

nored me," he said simply. "Carlisle

"He has, madam, like Catiline, evadd, broken forth, absconded. But as to ving word for you he was not quite so heartless as all that. I have a

With a word craving permission she ed the message. It was brief: My Dear Countess.—You will be glad to know that so far as your late jailer is concerned your captivity is at an end. I am leaving the boat at the next stop, and since that falls in the nighttime I will not disturb you. Senator Dunwody has kindly consented to act as your guardian in my stead, and from your message to him I judge that in any case you would prefer his care to mine.

My dear countess, they are not merely idle words when I say to you that you

any dear countess, they are not merely idle words when I say to you that you have won my respect and admiration. Be on your guard and allow me to advise you in the interest of yourself and others to remain silent. Your obliged and dutiful

No reasons were urged, no apologies offered. Obviously the signature was in such circumstances better omitted. The effect of this note, strange to say, was to fill its recipient not with satisfaction, not even with surprise. but with sudden horror. She felt aban-

doned, forsaken, not pausing to reflect that now she had only what she had demanded of her late companion-guardian she now hastly called him and As to Dunwody himself, ruthless and arrogant as was his nature, he bore no race of imperiousness now. The silent lips and high color of the face before him he did not interpret to mean ter-

ror, but contempt. In the fortunes of chance he had won her. He had wonwhat? Nothing, as he knew very well, eyond the opportunity to fight further for her, and under a far harder handi-cap, a handicap which he had foolishly imposed on himself. This woman, seen face to face—yes, she was beautiful, desirable, coverable. But she was not the sort of woman he had supposed er. It was Carlisle, after all, who had won in the game!

Girl Wanted? Read the Farmer Want Ads.

CHAPTER IV.

The New Master. HEY gazed at each other, measured, took ground, gauging each the adversary opposite. "Do not go!" he almost comnanded. She was halfway to the door.

"Why not, sir?" She wheeled on him

fiercely. "Because-at least, you would not be so cruel"-

"I thank you, but I am leaving the boat at the first opportunity. It is impossible for us to continue an acquaintnce formed thus irregularly." "On the contrary, my dear!" The

ring in his voice terrified her, but his terms angered her yet more. "I do not in the least understand you,

sir. I am accustomed to do quite as I like. And you may address me as the Countess St. Auban." "Why should we talk of this?" he world, torted. "Why talk to me of countesses? river."

To me you are something better as you stand-the most beautiful girl, the most splendid human being I ever saw in my life. The relations under which you have been traveling with this other gentleman were not quite clear to me, but such as they were"-"Do you lack courage, sir, to say

that he has quitclaimed me to you? far as I am concerned, she is, with all Am I still a prisoner? Are you to be my new jaller? By what right then?" Dunwody had not gathered all the story of this woman and her earlier guardian any more than she herself could guess what had been Carlisle's motive or plan in leaving her to her own devices. That she was the viction simply of a daring kidnaping could not have occurred to him. What then did she mean by talking of prisoners?

"After all, you were not that amazuensis which you yourself claimed to

"I was not. Of course I was not. I am the Countess St. Auban. It is not cessary for me to serve any man in any capacity. I beg you to forget that little note from me. I was only frightened at the thought of a long journey which I did not know then might end soon. I only fancied I was in need of help.

"Tell me one thing," he began in relevantly. "You are countess, as you say. Who is your husband, and where is he?"

"You have no right to ask. I must leave you now. Ah, if, indeed, I had a protector here—some man of that country where men fight"-

"You shall not leave." "But this passes belief. It is insult. It is simple outrage! What is being done with me? I never saw Captain Carlisle until three days ago, and you have met me once before this moment? And you are a southerner, and they tell

"That once was enough. You shall not leave. If you did I should only follow you."

"How excellent, to be taken by one brigand, handed over to another brigand and threatened with perpetual attendance of the latter. Oh, excellent indeed! Admirable country!" "You despise the offer of one who

would be a respectful servitor." She mocked at him. "It is most noble of you. I do not, however, compre-

The dull flush on his face showed at least no weakening on his own part. "Come now!" he exclaimed impatiently, "let us arrive at the issue. To make it short, madam, I propose to take you home with me. Now, you have heard it." He spoke in a desperate, icy calm. "You flatter me! But how, if I may

ask, do you intend to accomplish all that?" "I have not thought so far along.

In peace, if you please; it would be "But," she exclaimed, pausing in her walk up and down, "you speak as though you meant these things! Could it be there, out there-beyond the great

river-yes, my other jailer told me that we were not to stop this side." "I hardly know what I mean," he answered miserably. "I like all this no better than yourself. But let us begin with what is certain. Each hour, each day I may be able to hold you here is that much gained. I can't

let you go." "Most excellent! You begin well. But I shall not submit to such insults

"It is too late!" he broke in. know how much I have taken leave of my own self respect, but there are times when one takes leave of everything-cares for nothing that lies between him and one purpose. It would do no good for you to claim the protection of others. Even if I had to fight all the boat's officers I might win. But in that case you could only lose. You would have to explain who you are, why you are here. You would not be believed."

"Let us see if we cannot reason calmly over this matter." She was suddenly cold and pale. The hand of a swift terror was upon her now.

"You ask me to reason, and I answer I have no reason left. I know that if you left me I should never see do not leave me. I'll not let you go.

"But what difference, then? You are, I presume, only my new con-"There could be no social chance for

me-I've rained that. You would exact defeat of me as surely as you met "Social chance? . Social! What can

you possibly think yourself to be but my new jailer?"

"I'm not so sure. Look, each turn of the wheels take us farther away from the places where society goes on in its own grooves. Out here we manage the world in our own ways." Unconsciously the eyes of both of them turned down the river, along

which the boat now steadily continued

its course. He went on somberly. "Out there," he said, pointing to ward the west, "out beyond the big river, there's a place where the wilderness sweeps. Out there the law is that of the old times. It is far away. I'm going to hold you, keep you! You shall not get away. Why," he added, pacing apart for a moment, "I have no shame left. I've planned very little. I thought I might even ask you to be a guest at my own plantation. My place is out on the edge of the world, thirty miles back from the

"That, then, is your robber castle, I suppose?" "I rule there, madam," he said sim-

"Over thrall and guest?"
"Over all who come there, madam."
"I've heard of the time," she went on icily, "when this country was younger, how the lords who held right under the old French kings claimed the law of the high, low and middle fustice. Life, death, honor, all lay in their hands-in the hands of individ-But I thought those times past. I thought the south had gentlemen"-

"You taunt me, my dear lady-my dear girl. But be not so sure that times have changed. Out beyond there, where we are going. I could put you a mile back from the river, and you would find yourself in a wilderness the most pathless and lawless in the world

She looked at him, some inarticulate sort of sound in her throat, fully frightened now, seeing how mistaken she had been. He went on:

"Out there in the big valleys beyond the river you would indeed disappear. man could guess what had become of you. You would never be found again. There's where you're going. Your other faller told you the truth." She looked at him slowly and fully

now, the color fading from her face. She temporized.

"Listen! Do you ever stop to reflect

"I know. I have thrown it all away in the balance. If these things were known I would be ruined." He spoke dally and evenly, indifferently "You are not living up to your

"No, but I cannot make you understand me. I cannot make you understand that the great thing of life isn't the foolish ambition of a man to get into a state legislature, to make laws, to see them enforced. It isn't the original purpose of man to get on in politics or business or social regard. Man is made to love some woman. Woman is made to be loved by some man. That's life; it's all of it. I know there is nothing else."

"Excellent for you to force such talk upon a woman who is helpless." "Talk doesn't help, but deeds will. You're going along with me. I would swear you belonged to me if need be, as I intend you some day shall. Don't tempt me. Don't try to drive me. It will never do. I'll be harder to handle than the man who lost you to me last evening in a game of cards and who went away last night and left you-to

"A game-a game at cards! And was lost-I! I! And also won? V. can you mean? Am I then indeed, slave, a chattel? Ah, indeed, now dea I lost! My God, and I have no country, no kin, no God, to avenge me!"

A sort of sob caught in his throat "I was wrong!" he cried suddenly. "I always say the wrong word, do the wrong thing, take the wrong way. But tell you I cannot otherwise. And I've told the truth. I've made wreck of everything right now. You ask me to make plans, and I tell you I cannot. I would take you off the boat by force rather than see you go away from me." A sudden revulsion swept over him. He trembled as he stood and reached out a hand.

"Give me a chance!" he broke out. sobered now. "It was a new thing, this feeling. Come, you sent for meyou asked me-that other man placed me in his stead as your guardian. He didn't know I would act in this way. that's true. I own I've been brutal. Give me my chance. Let me try again.' They both were silent for awhile, but at length she resumed, not so ungently: "Then let there be this coutract between us, sir. Neither of us shall make any further scene. We'll temporize since we can do no better. I gave parole once. I'll not give it again, but I'll go little farther on west-

ward until I decide what to do." "Be my enemy even." he said, "only

(To Be Continued.) AS WELL AND AS MUCH

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Litchfield County News

Mrs Knight Remains Mrs. Knight Remains.

The annual meeting of the board of directors of the Connecticut School for Imbeclies was held at the school in Lakeville, Faturday affernoon. Mrs. Katherine B. Knight, widow of Dr. George H. Knight, who was appointed by the executive committee to succeed him October 27, was appointed acting superintendent of the institution. Governor Faidwin was added to the list of directors. Senator George P. McLean was again elected president of the board. or the board.

Two Divorces Granted. At the session of the Superior court in Winsted, Friday, two divorces were granted. Anto Sull of Torrington was given a decree against Rosa Sull, whose whereabouts are unknown. Joseph Nagri was named as co-respondent

Antonio Crovo of New Britain was granted a divorce from Mary Crovo. Frank Fabbri and a foreigner, with whom Mrs. Crovo is now living in Springfield, Mass., were named as corespondents.

R. F. D. Carriers. John L. Stevens has been appointed carrier on rural delivery route No. 1, at Bethlehem, to succeed E. N. Crane, and Charles T. Roabacher has been appointed carrier on rural route No. 1, Lakeville, in place of John H. Smith.

Postmaster at Norfolk. Airead; the question of who will be the next postmaster in Norfo'k is causing considerable discussion and at least one petition is in circulation. The term of Postmaster L. J. Curtiss does not expire for two years from next February, but it is understood that he may not care to retain the place for the full term, as he has already served for some fourteen years. The name of Thomas Stack has been favorably mentioned as his successor.

The suit of Mrs. Ida M. Dunbar of Barkhamstead against Frederick B. Jones of New Hartford was brought to a close Wednesday afternoon. The Jury awarded the plaintiff \$1,000 and costs. Mrs. Dunbar claimed injuries received by being thrown from a buggy in the New Hartford road dungust 1, 1910. She asserted that her horses were frightened by Mr. Jones' automobile.

Sixty-two members and guests of the Rector's Chapter of St. John's Episcopal church were seated at a luncheon on Tuesday. Rev. William H. Lewis delivered an address and Miss Grace Dairymple Clark rectied "The Snowflake" and "The Fascination of the Fan."

"Listen! Do you ever stop to reflect what you are doing, how you are abandoning yourself, your own traditions, your own duties, when you speak as you have been speaking to me! I had committed no crime. I am held by no process of law. You take risks."

Solid silver and gold ware, valued at \$1,000 was stolen from the residence of B. Havens Heminway, in Water-town town, Saturday evening. The entire first floor of the handsome residence was completely ransacked. Fortungely, no attempt was made to burglarize the second floor. Practically every piece of silverware in the house was stolen, but the burgiars overlooked a few valuable pieces. Through it all the servants on the third floor and Mr. Heminway's daughter slept and mond, secretary; Miss Daisy Raymond, treasurer. all the servants on the third floor and Mr. Heminway's daughter slept and nothing was known of the robbery until morning. No clue to the identity of the burglars has been discovered as yet but \$400 worth of sliverware consisting of a colonial set, valued far higher as an heirloom and for its historical value, was found in a large bag in the rear of the stables of Buell Heminway, next door, evidently having been thrown away because the burglars found it either too heavy to carry or else considered it not very valuable.

mond, secretary; Miss Daisy Raymond, treasurer.

Invitations have been issued by Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Riker for the coming-out party of their daughter, Miss Edith, at the Stratfield, on the evening of Dec. 6.

Israel Putnam lodge, I. O. O. F., of Putnam, will pay a fraternal visit to Adelphian lodge, I. O. O. F., on Saturday and Sunday. District Deputy Grand Master Clifford B. Wilson will take part in the reception of the visitors.

"Owens is trying to strike everyone he meets for a loan. He's a bad egg, "Why do you call him that?"
"When he's broke he makes fact deucedly conspicuous."

TO SICK WOMEN

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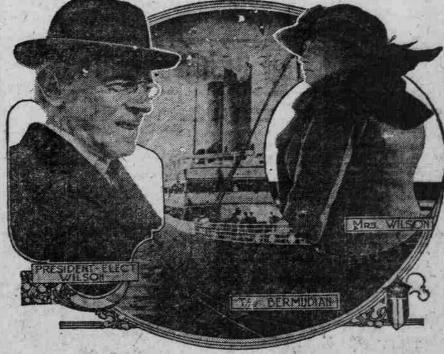
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PRESIDENT-ELECT WILSON, WIFE AND TWO DAUGHTERS IN BERMUDA



President-Elect Wilson has gone to his wife and two of his daughters. He Bermuda for a rest of a few weeks said he expected to put in much time before taking up the hard work of preparing for his duties as chief execusive. He sailed on the Bermudian with siderable bicycle riding.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL MEN AND WOMEN LOUAL

Miss Ethel M. Poland and the Dam-ozel quartet of this city, and Mr. Clifford Wiley, baritone, took part in a concert at the James Blackstone Memorial Library in Branford, Tues-

Mr. and Mrs. John F. Toole were surprised by a large party of friends at their home, 553 Washington avenue, last evening. Mr. and Mrs. Toole have just returned from their honeymon. About 9 o'clock they were startled by a burst of red fire around the house, quickly followed by a burst of music. The visitors took possession of the house and Mr. and Mrs. Toole entertained them until a late hour. Mr. Toole is the well known contractor, senior member of the firm of Toole & Sunderlin. His bride was Miss Hamilton, a charming daughter of the City Sheriff.

town highways to obtain money for the sustenance of himself and wife. He was seventy years old and is survived by a wife who still attends to the daily chores on the little farm. "French Joe" had a war record like-wise, having fought in the Mexican

Fish Specials for Friday. Fresh steak cod, fresh snapper blues, Fresh steak cod, fresh snapper blues, steak halibut, fresh pollock, fresh flatish, Long Island steamers, fat salt mackarel, fresh herring, fresh weakfish, smoked finnan haddies, fresh opened long clams, salt Holland herring. Fresh Spanish mackerel, sheephead, red snappers, green smelts, sea trout, green halibut, salmon, scroded cod, butterfish, live and boiled lobsters, all kinds of shell fish, salt, smoked and pickled fish. Bridgeport Public Market and Branch, State and Bank streets. East Main street.

IS CATHOLIC TEACHING

Father McMahon Says Subjection Women in Marriage Implies No Inferiority.

New York, Nov. 21-At Delmonico's esterday afternoon the Rev. Joseph H. McMahon of the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, in 142d street, de-livered the first of a course of three lectures on "The Catholic Church and the Woman Question." "The idea of the subjection of the woman to the man is insisted on in marriage," said the speaker. "The man must be the head of the home. It is physiologically necessary that he should be. But that does not mean that woman is inferior to him.
"The Catholic Church is said to the house that the inferior morally teach that she is inferior morally, mentally and physically. On the contrary the Catholic teaching and practice is that there is but one law for the man and the woman. The Church recognizes no difference between them

emarkable claim that men are more moral than women. It is not a sub-ject for public discussion, but it surely is significant that the weight of the is significant that the weight of the world's opinion is to the contrary.

"As for women being inferior mentally, that is not yet proved. It is only a short time that women have been receiving an education comparable to that afforded to men. They used to step from elementary arithmetic straight into the bonds of wedlock. There have been women who have written great books, women who have shown great intellectual powers. The time has not come when we can say what they are capable of when trained through generations as men have

ed through generations as men hav

ing veiled or covered in church, much of it is an exaggeration of trifles. The original law to that effect was proper and necessary in the times of St. Paul and St. John Chrysestom, from whose writings the busy infidel suffragists have extracted their charges.

"At that time these laws were made simply for the protection of women. They are not necessary now. And the priest who stands at the door of his church arbitrarily requiring some specific kind of head covering of the women who wish to enter is ridiculous."

erend father after his lecture with questions as to his own attitude on suffrage. But he only smilled and told them to wait for the next two lectures.

AMUSEMENTS

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